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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1904.

No. 32.

**THE MIRROR**  
SAINT LOUIS



**A WEEKLY MAGAZINE**  
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The Mirror



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## Muzzling Candidates

## and Apathetic Parties

By William Marion Reedy

"GENERAL apathy" prevails in both parties, apparently, in the Presidential campaign. Here it is only a little more than a month from election day, and in both camps "nothin doin," at least nothing much of interest.

It may be that when Judge Parker fulminates his letter of acceptance, there will be something in it to stir up enthusiasm in his party and stimulate his opponents to greater activity, but Judge Parker hasn't stirred up his party by anything that he has written up to date, and we may all be pardoned for believing that his pronouncements of the future will have the usual dignity that were better named Jullness.

From the looks of things in the Eastern States it is pretty clear that the Democrats there feel that they accomplished about all they expected to accomplish when they "put Mr. Bryan out of business," as a leader in the St. Louis convention.

Some Republican leaders believe that there is danger that the Democrats may secure a majority in Congress at the coming election. They think that the local leaders of the Democratic party in various States will devote their energies to the election of Democratic Congressmen and let the National ticket lose by default. Still, those wise in politics know the old trick of warning the party by a cry of danger. It is often played to gather in more funds from the "protected industries" and to bring the voters out of a state of apathy. The Republicans know the folly of being too sure of National elections, and the cry that the Democrats may carry Congress is calculated to arouse the party to a necessity of looking closely after things everywhere.

About all that the Democrats appear to have done nationally, has been the "silencing" of President Roosevelt. The "safe and sane" bluff has worked well upon the Republican managers—too well, I should say. The Republican committee made a mistake in suppressing the President, just to show he could be as "dignified" as Parker. The people want a candidate for President who is not enacting a special role assumed for a campaign. They want a man as he is. The silencing of President Roosevelt has dampened Republican ardor not a little. What the people liked about him was that he was not tractable, that he said what he thought or felt and said it plainly. Now, when the President maintains an unwonted and uncharacteristic dumbness the very fact that he does so indicates to some people that his independence of the party bosses, for which the people admired and loved him, has been sacrificed to win for himself and for the bosses. President Roosevelt's managers in effect plead guilty to the opposition's charge of "insanity and unsafeness" when they hush him up. "A dignified reserve such as be-

comes a President seeking reelection" is all well enough, but the idea of "muzzling" President Roosevelt just because his chief antagonist indulges only in platitudes that are supposed to exhibit "the judicial temperament" is utterly ridiculous and hurtful to Mr. Roosevelt and his party. The people want the real Roosevelt, or they want no Roosevelt at all, and it is to be hoped that the Republican managers will realize this before too late and let the candidate appear in his own proper person and say and do things in his own way. The President's quiescence, if long continued, will hurt him at the polls, for it is not going to deceive anybody who from the first conceived of Roosevelt as being the ecstatic, eccentric, saltatorial, fire-eating creature which Parker prides himself upon not being. Many voters will see in the President's quietude only a confession that the Parker policy is the one the people prefer. In view of the fact that Parker has no policy outside of the wooden dignity of elaborate evasiveness of issues, the enforced Rooseveltian imitation of Parker is apt to lend a substance and weight to Parker's pronouncements which do not inherently belong to them.

Roosevelt's silence is responsible for the apathy in the Republican ranks. Roosevelt's silence is imitated from Parker. Therefore Parker seems to have mapped out the Republican campaign policy, and this, too, after Roosevelt's personality had so completely dominated the Democratic convention as to make itself the one issue of the campaign. Changing that personality is out of the question. Any appearance of change therein must be a pretense. And Roosevelt and pretense do not go together. The spectacle of "bad boy" Roosevelt "on his good behavior" is not a dignified one. It is absurd, since there was no reason for his being made to sit in the corner. His letter of acceptance showed what a farce and fraud was the charge that he had acted dangerously, incendiarily, imperially, upsetting laws and overruling the Constitution.

With two silent candidates for President no wonder the campaign is dead. Nothing can keep a campaign stirred up like a candidate's mouth or pen. The words of men running for office are what keep up interest. Candidates must keep themselves before the people. They must advertise themselves and not retreat into retirement like Grand Lamas in Tibet. In this campaign, as it appears to me, the spectacle of two Presidential candidates competing for the "clam" record is unedifying, at least to the extent that it implies in the management of both parties a conviction that the people can be fooled into believing in one case that lack of open issues and consequent inability to defend them in speech or writing is a symptom of statesmanship, and in the other case that a man who has always been frank

and free in speech and clean and quick in action can suddenly be transformed into a being in whom "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" and made to undergo a complete "reversal of form," as the racing men say. The people will naturally conclude that such a campaign lacks sincerity on both sides. They will grow more apathetic and the campaign will degenerate from a conflict of principle and character into a contest between party machines, in which case the election may be decided by trickery or skulduggery or open corruption in close States. The dummy campaign is not only lacking in real dignity; it is unpatriotic and immoral.

But, say some folks, we have the Vice-Presidents to do the party spiels and stunts.

Fairbanks! Let us sit us down upon the ground, the colder the ground the better, and tell sad stories of the deaths of kings! Let us talk of tombs and graves and epitaphs! Frost as a substitute for fire!

And Davis! Gassaway, gay, giddy, gadding, gabbling Gassaway, the octogenarian faun. Gassaway will do the talking for Parker. What's that? He can't talk? Oh, but his money can, and he has \$40,000,000 to talk with, to say nothing of being able to tap the coal barons and the Standard Oil Company for more.

Yes; it is an apathetic campaign on all sides. Perhaps it's good for business that this should be so. And yet business isn't everything. Principles of

government, involving the whole domain of right and wrong, are greater than business, and discussion of them should not be silenced by committees at the behest of business contributors to campaign funds. It is a bad sign for the country that the money interest so completely dominates the campaign management of both parties. It means, practically, that there is no difference between the parties, and this meaning is made clearer when the difference between the candidates is hidden by an enforced similarity of personal pose before the people. The money interests nominated Parker. They could not prevent the nomination of Roosevelt, but they force his managers to gag him and in that fashion they weaken him as much as they can. They design to break his hold on the masses of the people by making him appear as their creature who, for all his "bluff, bluster and braggadocio," will be their puppet if he wins. The Rooseveltian silence has hurt and will hurt him more than all his "rough riding." It will not defeat him, because whatever policy he may play now, his record of things done bespeaks the real man now obscured by a mistaken attitudinizing as a matter of campaign expediency.

It is the hope and prayer of all who believe in and admire Theodore Roosevelt that he will some day, soon, break away from his managers and be his natural unshackled self. If he will do that, he will sweep the country in November with such a victory as his party has not won since Grant defeated Greeley.

At the time of going to press this week the Democrats generally thought they had a good chance to carry the city, in spite of their faction fights and lack of money. The event of this week was, of course, Col. Ed Butler's declaration that he was "a yellow dog Democrat" and would support Folk even though Folk did prosecute him for bribery. That declaration "looks pretty good" to the boys in the city, but it is used by the Republicans in the country to strengthen the charge of a deal between Folk and the boodlers. Just what Col. Butler intends to do cannot be always predicated on what he says to the newspapers. He may mean now that he is "for the ticket" with an ax. It is at least certain that the Colonel has been having caucuses at his house and that he intends to be well represented upon the city ticket, even if his representatives are to be put up for slaughter.

I would not be surprised if Colonel Butler named the whole ticket, for I don't clearly see where there is any fight upon Butler in his own party now. Mr. Hawes is fighting for control of the Eleventh district committee, and I am not quite sure that the people whom Mr. Hawes is fighting are the people Butler wants put down and out. As a mere chronicler of events I should say that Col. Butler seems to have Mr. Hawes pretty well "surrounded" and to have already begun to frame the city ticket for November and the Mayoralty ticket next spring. Butler influences are beginning to predominate subtly in political affairs or else my observation of the situation is sadly at fault. Mr. Anton C. Stuever, the South Side boss, appears to be squeezed between Butler and Hawes, but to be far from crushed, for the "Herr Tony" is a pretty wily politician and will land with the winner. Col. Butler seems aiming to capture the judgeships and the Circuit Attorney's office and the shrievalty, and there isn't much else to capture. Prospects favor a final coalition of Democratic forces with Butler on top in the city. Mr. Folk will probably be on the bottom. Mr. Folk will be well scratched in wards where machine registration is heavy, for Col. Butler has always fared as well at the hands of Republican as of Democratic officials, and if Col. Butler can make good his strength in November he will be able to name the Democratic candidate for Mayor in the spring, or, failing that, to elect the Republican nominee.

Frankly, I don't take much stock in the opposition to Butler in the city Democracy. The friends of Butler, who have the money to give to the party, can "reach" most of the opposition. They may not be able to reach Mr. Folk, but they seem pretty close to everybody else supposed to be warring on the Colonel and the student of practical politics as played in this city needs but a cursory glance at the situation to suspect that much of the Folk following is insincere in its declarations and is in reality in an understanding with Butler. I look for a Butler triumph in St. Louis, at least until such time as Mr. Folk as Governor may be compelled to use the Police Board to suppress the old boss. Butler may be "bad," but he's also "brainy," and he is even now almost master of the situation. Mr. Hawes and Mr. Folk may be fighting him, but it seems to me queer that they should be doing so with Butler lieutenants and taking advice from Butler's friends. If Butler is to be the leader, the fact should soon be made known to many who would rather go over openly into his camp than be lured there by pretended antagonists of his dominion. I am writing only as an observer, but it begins to look to me as if most of the opposition to Butler in this city in the interest of Folk is a rank fake.

## Politics in State and City

By William Marlon Reedy

MISSOURI Republicans are putting up a good fight throughout the State, though the most sanguine of them cannot hope to defeat Mr. Folk, the Democratic nominee for Governor, since all their own newspapers and most of their leaders praised Folk to the skies and advocated his triumph in his own party as an honest, courageous official. They may hope to beat Sam Cook for Secretary of State and Albert Allen for Auditor on the strength of accusations against those candidates in their own party, but the Democratic habit of "voting 'er straight" is hard to overcome, and it is likely that Mr. Folk's nomination for Governor has satiated whatever desire existed in the Democratic party for reform. In several congressional districts there are Democratic dissensions which threatened the defeat of nominees, but these are all "fixed up" or in process of fixing and there will be the usual "harmonious front to the enemy." Much reliance is placed by the Republicans on the fact that, as they say, Mr. Folk, after winning his nomination as a reformer, made an alliance with the machine men and boodlers. Republican papers continue to hammer away on this line and show how Folk, after exposing Cook as party to a boodle deal, accepted Cook on the ticket with him. But this Republican hammering will not affect the Democrats to any great extent. That sort of thing has been the clamor of the Republicans for years, but it seems only to have had the effect of drawing Democrats closer together. Blasting Sam Cook is not effective, for he is the most popular Democrat in the State. As for attacking Albert O. Allen—why, he is an ex-Confederate, and in Missouri the youngsters are even more

"unreconstructed" in their Confederate views and feelings than the oldsters. Mr. Folk will undoubtedly strengthen the ticket all over the State. He has done the work and had the advertising of a reformer and he will receive thousands of Republican votes. The Democratic machine may fight him, but what can a machine do in an election? Practically nothing. A machine that couldn't prevent Folk's nomination cannot prevent his election. Most dangerous of all the things with which the Democrats have to contend is the stolidity with which the Missourians regard the candidacy of Parker and Davis. Missourians were for Bryanism and are so yet in their hearts. Their disgust may keep them away from the polls, although I think their regard for Folk may bring them out to vote for him, even if they vote for Tom Watson, the Populist, for President. Mr. Folk appears to be carrying the main burden of the campaign in the State. The organization isn't doing anything for him. There isn't any money to meet campaign expenses.

Even in St. Louis there was only \$10 a precinct to carry on the work of registration under the new law and ward committeemen had to go down in their own pockets to pay for naturalization papers and feed and "wet" the judges and clerks during the four days of the registration period. Even under such circumstances the registration has been pretty heavy on the Democratic side, though heavier on the Republican side because the Republicans have not been so short of funds to get the voters' names on the books. As the registration proceeded through Monday and Tuesday and the books were "tabbed up" it seemed that the Democrats gathered more hope of success.



# Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

## *The World's Fair Smile.*

"THE smile that won't come off" is the one on the faces of the Directors of the World's Fair. Things, and people, are coming their way at last, as the MIRROR said they would. The Fair is going to be a great success and Lord knows the men who have been running it have earned it, for never before has a body of men doing its best been subjected to such embarrassment, harassment, ridicule and obloquy as has been the lot of the men who have made the Fair. They have been accused of "biting off more than they could chew," of incompetence, of nepotism, of graft, of political favoritism, of wasting the people's money on wine, and Heaven only knows what else. They were confronted with a big, hard job, new to most of them, necessarily. They tackled it nervily. At times it may have appeared too much for them, but they persevered in pushing and when things looked worst they put up their own money to carry the thing through. They made mistakes, of course, but they had to in order to learn, but they never whimpered. They stood the gaff of criticism and ridicule and went ahead. They didn't even cry out aloud when the government, through some personal piques, tried to take the Fair out of their hands. And now they've won out splendidly. They're a game bunch and we all ought to take off our hats to them.



## *The Outlook in Indiana.*

THE National Democratic Committee has to all appearances been working a great confidence game on the public by declaring that Indiana is a doubtful State. A Democrat of considerable prominence in his party, who occupied a Federal office in the Hoosier State under one of the Cleveland administrations, while in St. Louis recently to attend the Fair, made the announcement that the chances of Democratic success could not well be discerned, and judging from the sentiment, or, rather, of lack of it, among the voters, he considered the prospects anything but bright. Opinions in the Hoosier State are much the same as they are elsewhere toward the Democratic National ticket. There is no end to the apathy that prevails and it doesn't appear, according to the MIRROR's informant, that the people are interesting themselves to any great extent in politics aside from occasional district affairs or local issues. No enthusiasm has been roused, he declares, by the National nominees of the Democratic party, and it is his opinion that as the years go by the masses' interest in politics is constantly decreasing. On the other hand, Indians, like the voters of many other States, do not see President Roosevelt as the Democratic warriors would like to have them see him.



## *Woman's Fashions.*

WHAT are the dressmakers trying to do to our American women? A glance at the plans, specifications and various elevations of the latest fashions "hot from the bat" in Chicago is enough to send cold shivers up and down the masculine spine: Should women appear on the streets in this new uniform, with its wonderful bulbous sleeves and floundering train, it will be hard to determine whether she is a parachute just descended or an airship about to qualify for the World's Fair contest! No wonder the French clique put the ban on their American sisters

and barred them from the use of their styles. If the American idea is a sample of originality, revision of the Parisian effects would have been a sartorial sacrilege. There is only one redeeming feature in the American skirt of 30-foot base, and that is the tendency it will have to do the work now neglected by our Street Department. It is sincerely to be hoped that all women will not affect this style. It is the worst ever.



## *Peace and War.*

THE International Peace Congress has come, seen, resolute and gone, and in the rush of the great busy world it seems as if these distinguished statesmen from all the powers had never voiced the burning sentiments in behalf of the brotherhood of man with which their souls throb. The time could not have been more opportune for such a meeting as theirs—just after the great debacle at Liao Yang, where Russ and Jap slew each other by thousands. The entire civilized world was even then devouring greedily the reports of the great conflict and protesting because of their meagerness of detail, and it is safe to say that the kind words of the Peace Congress were entirely overlooked, or, if read, soon forgotten by the great world populace. What were the unmartial sentiments of a prosy Peace Congress to the dash and strategy of a Kuroki or the ingenuity of the retreating Kuropatkin! All in all, it would seem the Peace Congress has a rocky road to travel. The human family does not detest war. It must have it. The hunt of the human game seems to be more keenly enjoyable than that of the man-eater or elephant. Russia and Japan may bleed, but the rest of the world sits back and enjoys the spectacle brought to the very hearthstone in picture and story, forgetting the thousands of dead that are scattered over Manchuria's mountains and plains and the scores of widows and orphans at home.



## *Immigration, Capital and Labor.*

IT does seem that if the United States Government wished to do something to relieve the great strain between labor and capital in this country, that no better opportunity presents itself than a repeal or an amendment of the immigration laws, the workings of which are so distasteful to everyone. The hordes of moujiks and other undesirables that have been taking advantage of the ridiculously low steerage rate in force of late on the steamship lines can bring no greater misfortune upon the American people than a series of conflicts, such as the late miners' and butchers' strikes, between employer and employe. The American workman can no more compete with the invading horde of foreigners in the matter of wages than in the matter of cheap living. The foreign element works cheaply because it lives cheaply, and this sends down the scale of wages. And it is a significant fact that periods of large immigration are followed by great industrial disturbances. Employers of labor in large numbers know that this cheap labor glut the market, and for this reason they will not concede the scale of the American employe. This causes trouble, and it is one of the original sources of all disputes between capital and labor in many lines of employment. It is against the immigration laws of the present that the labor unions also should direct their attack, if they would better themselves, instead of wasting tons of money in foolish, futile strikes. They

would then be rendering a service to the whole Nation. Enough money, in wages and time, was lost in the recent packers' strike alone to have carried a successful war against the unsatisfactory immigration act, and when to this might have been added the vast amount burned up in the great anthracite coal strike there is no telling what might have been accomplished by honest representatives of labor lobbying for the cause. It's up to the men of ability in the labor unions to do away with the strike idea as a useless weapon and to apply their money and time to securing of laws that will give them a fairer chance in the labor market. Of course the MIRROR does not maintain that all foreigners are undesirable, or that the better class of the mechanics and laborers from foreign lands should be barred from competition in the American market, but we do urge that the illiterate class which could never have gotten to America save through money advanced by their native government should not be brought into competition with the American workingman.



## *Powerful Anti-Gambling Crusade.*

THE gambling employe of all big establishments is now on the anxious seat. He reads the handwriting on the wall, which threatens short shrift for him. The gambling mania has spread to such an alarming extent, and so ruinous have been the consequences within the past several years, that drastic measures have at last been taken to check, or at least suppress its growth. The crusade has been launched with a method and has the support of some of the best minds in the mercantile world, and not a few in public life. From now on the young man who seeks employment or success in business must choose between his employer and the operator of the gaming table. This condition has been brought about by the surety companies which make bonds for employes in other business concerns. They have adopted a rule not to assume responsibility for any man who indulges in the game of "trying to get something for nothing." One of these bonding companies has recently notified its agents of this rule, and others engaged in similar business will follow suite, with the assurance that they will receive the strong support of employers throughout the country. The war is to be keenly made. And it is not exactly a "reformers'" war, either. It is what may be called a war for self-protection. All losses through defaulting employes have, of course, fallen upon the bonding company, and of late years throughout the country they have amounted to a fabulous sum. To check the drain on their treasury they were compelled to bar the gambling employe from their acceptable risks. The investigation on which they based this new departure was exhaustive, and their decision promises considerable of a change, and may eventually lead to a recognition of the gambling vice by Congress and some sort of remedial legislation. It may not have the effect of stamping out gambling, but it will make its bonded men consider well the danger of losing their positions and of ever securing another of trust. It will suppress the mania for some forms of gaming that are conducted in the open, such as that which has many devotees in the so-called "billiard parlors," and which is permitted without good reason by the authorities; in bucket shops and the handbook establishments, the locations of many of which in St. Louis are now as well known as was "Pool Alley" in its palmy days. The games, however, that are conducted in secret will, no doubt, attract many of those who engaged in this open gaming, but, when the employer and bonding companies set out to finally wipe them out by other methods, their object will have been pretty well accomplished.



## The Mirror

### Society and Drugs

#### Many Women Use Stimulants to Keep Up Fashion's Pace

It was the custom a few years ago, among the young women of the ultra-fashionable set in society in Washington, the National capital, to drink paregoric to enable them to "go the pace." Paregoric is a tincture composed, as everybody knows, of opium, camphor and benzoic acid in alcohol. The effect desired was chiefly obtained from the alcohol and the opium—the alcohol to stimulate and the opium to soothe and at the same time prolong the effect of the alcohol. To "go the pace" in Washington during the season before and after Lent requires more physical strength and staying powers than the average young woman possesses. Starting in with a dinner party, to be followed by the theater or opera, and that by a supper and frequently a ball, which made bedtime of the dawn, to lunch at any hour from noon to 3 p. m., and spend the rest of the afternoon in paying official and duty calls—till time to dress again for dinner—this, with variations, was and is "the pace."

Not much different here in New York, or over in Boston, in even sleepy Philadelphia, or any other one of our large cities, perhaps. The strain is tremendous. What is chiefly used as a stimulant here and elsewhere outside of Washington, I am not prepared to say. Once in a while an ornament in society is missed for a few weeks or so from her accustomed haunts—sometimes she is supposed to be in Europe for a short trip; sometimes she has gone, it is explained, to the Pacific Coast or to Florida, or somewhere else, for a change and rest. Sometimes it is true that she has gone to one of those places; sometimes it is true that she is secluded in her own home under medical care; frequently she is an inmate of one of the sanitariums that abound in and around New York, where patients are treated for drug addiction and alcoholism.

This is not to say that all of the young women in society are in this class; but there are many of the weaker ones who could tell some interesting stories of life in a sanitarium, or the pains of parting with paregoric, or cocaine, or other drugs, or of the agony of recovering from alcoholism under home treatment. Of course neither the red liquor nor the drug can be used regularly for any length of time with safety. It doesn't take long for the stimulant to become an absolute necessity, without which the victim is a mere nervous wreck, and the habit grows by what it feeds on till it has a grip of iron on the unfortunate. Then something has to be done.

It is a popular error that nearly all of the female victims of drink and drugs are women of the "half world," or actresses, or of the bohemian fringe to metropolitan society. There are many, of course, belonging to these classes, and there are many who are merely honest, hard-working women, who find in opium the strength to keep at the severe and unremitting and, too often, cheerless toil by which they earn their bread, and support those dependent upon them. A druggist in an interior town once told me that nine-tenths of the morphine sold in his shop outside of that dispensed on physicians' prescriptions went in small doses to hard-working women like laundresses, charwomen and the like. But physicians tell me that there is a larger number of their patients of this description from among the well to do and the fashionable people, in proportion, than there is

among the actresses, the bohemians and the unfortunates who make up the "half world."

As time goes on and wealth increases and the world grows more wicked in its effort to supply the growing leisure class with distraction from ennui and amusement in its idleness, this sort of thing takes on larger and larger proportions. The steadily multiplying of the sanitariums in the immediate vicinity of our great cities, and the fact that all of them make money, is proof of the growing demand for the service they render to mankind. They are to be found on every hand, in and out of the city. Between New York and Albany they are in evidence every few miles. Over on Long Island they are frequent. Connecticut is spotted with them as with the smallpox, and the fair face of New Jersey is inflamed with them as with mosquito bites. They are necessary, and growing daily more and more necessary to ameliorate conditions created by the unwholesome life, the too strenuous (in every direction) life of the XXth century.

There was a time, I am told, when the overwhelming majority of the patients treated at these institutions were men who had broken down from too free and constant use of alcohol; but things have changed in the past 20 years, and that there is a woman for almost, if not quite, every man under treatment nowadays, is, I am assured, the present situation. Isn't there something here that requires attention while we are straining our resources to find things to reform? The laws prohibiting the sale of opium in its various forms, cocaine, etc., except on prescriptions, are little or no obstacles to the drug habit. Druggists soon come to know such a one, and seldom hesitate to supply that which will keep off, at least for the moment, the raving delirium which follows abstinence much beyond the accustomed period. It is more often humanity than cupidity that induces the druggist to supply the poison—just as one will buy a drink of whiskey for the poor devil on the verge of delirium tremens.

There was a time when, in Paris, the seductions of

morphine were so popular that the hypodermic syringe was used with as little pretence at concealment as the cigarette or the pipe. Chums used to meet to enjoy the sensation in company. Clubs were in existence where each member bought his or her hypodermic and vial of morphine in solution, and the discussion of the sensations produced by the use of the drug, and the gorgeousness of the visions that followed its use was an agreeable way of passing an hour or so. And Paris does not hold all the poor creatures who thus seek the false and hurtful stimulation of the indulgence, although Paris has been more honest and open about it. Elsewhere the vice is a secret one, usually. And it is doubtless true that it is all the more dangerous because of its secrecy.

Evidently statutory enactments won't reach and cure the trouble any more than they will heal disease morals of any other kind. There will have to come something better than laws regulating and restraining the sale of the poison. Sanitariums are only palliating and ameliorating the evil. They cannot destroy it. The victim who has been put on his or her feet in a sanitarium and sent forth "clothed and in his" or her "right mind," may refrain for awhile from fresh indulgence, but all too frequently the abstinence is suddenly terminated when a fresh strain is put upon the nervous system. This is not always the case. Some remain permanently cured, but these are those who have remarkable endowment in strength of will and purity of character, and who possess, usually, peculiarly strong religious temperaments.

My readers will readily recall the cases of two brilliant and beautiful young ornaments of the comic opera stage, well known and popular in this city, who have repeatedly gone through this experience, and are both now hidden from the public eye. In each case the poor victim returned to the scene of her triumphs after each sojourn in the sanitarium with renewed brilliancy and charm, and filled with an honest and resolute purpose to abstain for the rest of her days. And for a time everything went on prosperously. But the hour always came when the strain of business or pleasure grew too great, and resort was had to the drug, with the old result. Surely, the time has come when the question as to whether something new in the way of treatment, something else than drugs and mere physical influences cannot be found to deal with the trouble.

*The New Yorker.*

### Wine, Women and War

THE report that the Grand Duke Boris took with him to the seat of war a bevy of St. Petersburg chorus girls, and that, when ordered to send them back, he affronted General Kuropatkin, who was only restrained from running Boris through with his sword by his attendants—this story has been denied. Evidence accumulates, however, tending to show that there is no improbability in the tale. Manchuria seems to have its full quota of the demi-mondaine, who are following the army and monopolizing no small part of the energies of the Russian officers. Not long ago, the *Manila Sun* printed a letter written by a woman who, with a feminine companion, was living in Port Arthur when the fort was bombarded, and who was sent by her "friend," an officer, to Newchwang when the situation in the beleaguered city became dangerous. It was a very frank letter, and threw a flood of light upon conditions in Port Arthur. Now comes the special correspondent of *Leslie's Weekly* with the Russian army

in Manchuria with a sensational article, entitled "Wine and Women Undoing the Russians." The picture that he paints represents conditions only comparable to those that existed during the European wars of the first half of the last century. He tells of a consignment of military stores that arrived at Harbin containing quantities of perfumery, scented soaps and ladies' toilet articles, bon-bons, garters, fans and other paraphernalia dear to the heart of the demi-mondaine. He says that for nine-tenths of the crime in the Far East the camp-followers from the St. Petersburg cafes-chantants are responsible, and continues:

"Where these social vultures come from is a mystery, but wherever there is a war they scent the carrion from afar, and fly to it with unerring instinct, be it in the tropics of Africa or the frozen plains of Siberia. Indeed, the broad plains of Manchuria seem to offer a more fertile soil for their operations than any other. The Muscovite falls a ready and willing



prey to their wiles, and though in other fields of war they usually follow in the wake of the armies and navies, here they are all but the very vanguard.

"To cite an illustration of my meaning is not so difficult as it is incredible. None of the officers at Newchwang would credit the seriousness of the situation at Port Arthur until they heard of the arrival at Liao Yang, among the refugees, of several of the most noted of the chansonettes. If before they were dissatisfied with Newchwang, in spite of its "clubs" with ample equipment of card and billiard tables and the many opportunities for loot, they became doubly so with visions of the seven gay establishments which rumor had it these unwilling refugees from Port Arthur have established at Liao Yang. There, fortified behind the execrable stuff that is dignified by the name of champagne in the East, the soldiers of the Czar may, to the popping of corks and bursts of female laughter, safely defy "those detestable little monkeys of the Mikado."

"Although the ice has long since entirely broken up in the Liao River, and Newchwang and coast are exposed to the enemy, these officers day after day resort to the card-rooms and billiard tables. A bottle

and a woman would tempt any of them from his post, and the misfortune they lament is that Newchwang affords so little temptation. It is no exaggeration to say that these Muscovite mistresses openly and sometimes bitterly reproach the officers for having to be dragged from their debaucheries to save the remnants of the Port Arthur fleet, or to go to meet what are to them the mythical armies of Japan.

"The first intimation that the Russians are about to abandon a position, or undertake a serious action about it, is the dispatch of this sort of baggage to the ultimate new base on which they expect to fall back. As the lines draw in closer these hetairae mark the line of retreat, and we have come to the conclusion that Newchwang is a position despaired of from the fact that it is avoided by this class of refugees. A complete account of the demi-monde of Manchuria and its enervating effect on the Russian army would disgust Anglo-Saxon readers. There is not even the palliation for it that one sees in the gayety of Paris, but it is coarse, brutal and animal. Yet it is a factor in this war that is not negligible. On the field it looms up in all its disgusting proportions, and must be recognized.

## The Battle on the Bonita

By Hilton R. Greer

THE Major brought down the handle of his heavy riding whip on the saddle bow with such sudden force that Sir Walter, the big, black gelding, snorting with fright, lurched loose from his grasp and galloped off toward the stables.

"It's an infernal outrage!" spluttered the Major. "A high-handed swindle sir, that I will not submit to!"

The young Englishman's face was imperturbable.

"But the records, my dear Major Weston," he said, in conciliatory tones; "they at least are indisputable, and a careful examination shows clearly that at the time you bought the Bonita an error in the title gave you a rather generous slice on the northeastern corner, which rightly belongs to the syndicate which I represent."

The Major's eyes were storm clouds, from which keen lightnings flashed.

"Records be hanged!" he thundered. "Sixteen years ago I bought the Bonita in good faith, and I'll keep her, just as she is, acre for acre, if it takes every hoof, horn and hide on the ranch, sir."

"As you will, sir," said Atkins, quietly. "Believe me, this matter, though of the strictest business nature, was one which I dreaded to broach to you. I trusted, however, to your sense of fairness to bring about a satisfactory adjustment without the unpleasant necessity of resorting to litigation."

The thunderstorm broke.

"Go to law if you want to!" roared the Major. "I'll fight the case from the lowest to the highest courts in America, if necessary, to protect myself from a gang of English land robbers."

Atkins' lips clenched close in an effort at self-control.

After a time he spoke.

"A recollection of former courtesies forbids my taking offense at language which I feel sure you will regret having uttered. You must realize, Major Weston, that I am acting in this matter not as an individual, but solely as the representative of a syndicate whose best business interests I am expected to sub-

serve. I have known of this deficit in title for more than a year, but have deferred mentioning it until forced to do so by continued instigation on the part of my employers. If the Duchess ranch were mine, and such a difference were to arise, I assure you I should never allow a few acres to cause unpleasant discussion between us."

He held out his hand.

"We can at least remain friends, can we not?" he asked.

But the Major, disdaining the proffered hand, wheeled sharply about.

Slowly Atkins mounted his horse and rode away, desire and duty battling in his breast—desire to retain the friendship of a man whose good will he prized prompting him to drop discussion of an unpleasant subject; duty to the interests of his employers urging him to make speedy and satisfactory adjustment of all differences calculated to effect those interests.

Duty triumphed. The next day at Amarillo the case of the Anglo-American Land Company versus J. B. Weston became a matter of record. During the homeward drive Atkins took mental inventory of the many courtesies extended him by the bluff old Major since the sizzling summer day when he, a raw young Englishman, with the London stamp fresh upon him, first set foot upon Southwestern soil.

Atkins became a welcome and frequent visitor at the Weston home. Scores of summer afternoons found him seated with the Major on the broad porch of the ranchhouse, where they smoked and talked for hours. Scores of stormy nights, when winter gripped the plains in giant grasp, he passed the hours pleasantly before the crackling fire, while the owner of the Bonita entertained him with stories of an eventful life.

This interchange of visits, for the Major rode over the Duchess often, proved the most pleasant feature during five years of monotonous ranch life. Then Margaret Weston came out from Kentucky, a striking Southern beauty, with warm, clear skin, rebellious dark hair and eyes like gold brown shadows

in an autumn pool. After graduating from a select seminary she had insisted upon joining her father in the West, and followed her letter to Texas before he could remonstrate.

From that day she took possession of the Bonita, owner, ranchhouse, cowboys and all. A year in the open, where she took eager hold of the new life about her, riding with the best of the men and attaining no small degree of skill with the lariat, gave her an added charm that appealed to Atkins tantalizingly.

He first met her during a morning ride about the borders of the Duchess ranch. The chance meeting led to more frequent visits to the Weston home, visits which were not intended solely for the genial master of the place. Only a week before his open rupture with the Major he had made a frank, open avowal of love and offered his hand in marriage.

She had neither refused nor accepted him and had asked for a week's time in which to consider the matter before allowing him to mention it to her father. Atkins had gone away deliriously happy, for something in her eyes had told him that his suit was half won.

He was thinking of Margaret upon his return from Amarillo that morning, and, as he entered his office, his heart beat quick at the hope of seeing her soon and of the answer which he expected from her lips. A note on his desk, brought over from the Bonita during his absence, winged his rosy hopes in midflight. It read:

"My Dear Mr. Atkins—After learning what occurred between you and my father yesterday I cannot longer consider the offer made by you a week since. Even were he to grant you audience, I could not willingly give the matter my serious consideration as long as the present relations exist. Very respectfully,  
MARGARET WESTON."

Atkins' lips blanched. He closed the desk with a sharp click and went outside to confer with his overseer about matters of business.

July brought something more than love or lawsuit to claim his attention. Drought, hungry drought, with dry, starved lips, swooped down upon the plains, bringing death and devastation. The grass was burned to a dull-hued brown; the pools were drunk up as with an insatiate and Titan thirst; untold suffering befell the hunger-maddened cattle and sheep.

Major Weston's interests and those of the English syndicate suffered in common. The accumulation of years of hardship and toil were about to be swept away in a single summer. The Major's face lengthened with the lapse of rainless days.

With August came the first promise of relief. Toward nightfall of the first day the Western horizon was heavy with low, black clouds, and the Major's face showed more of hope than in weeks, as he stood on the porch of his home and watched the quick lightning leap from cloud to cloud.

Margaret was beside him. His arm stole about her, and they stood together in silence. Suddenly he started.

"Look!"

Following the direction of his finger, Margaret descried a thin, blue wisp of smoke that curled upward from the prairie. Then a quick tongue of flame shot out.

"My God! Fire!" cried the Major, hoarsely.

With a leap he was out on the graveled walk, racing toward the stables. To snatch a saddle from a peg, fling it on the broad back of Sir Walter, mount and spur away, was but the work of as many moments.

Wild-eyed with excitement, Margaret followed but a few rods behind her father, her heart heavy within her at the thought of the havoc that the fire

## The Mirror

might cause. Drought meant loss, heavy, almost irreparable; but such a conflagration as seemed imminent meant ruin.

As swift as her thoughts the flames raced out across the prairie in a hissing line, the grass seared by hot suns, burned like tinder. Two cowboys passed her at a swinging gallop. Others, she knew, were racing toward the fire from opposite directions, in obedience to an unwritten law of the plains.

Night, starless and black, with impending storm, had settled over the plains, forming a background for a picture of wild, weird grandeur. Scourged by a brisk breeze from the West, the flames writhed Eastward. The forms of the cowboys and their circling horses were sharply silhouetted against the lurid glare.

Herds of frenzied cattle, bellowing as they raced for life before the pursuing flames, made the scene more terrible. Above the din of the terrified beasts rose the quick command of the leaders, organizing their forces for a desperate fight.

Foremost among the men, bareheaded, staunch as some chieftain of old urging his men to battle, rode Major Weston. His orders rang out as clear as the crack of a whiplash. A few rods to his right, directly in the path of the fire, a brave young steer, exhausted from frantic running, staggered, bellowing piteously and fell.

This proved the signal for attack. Major Weston was out of his saddle in a second. Two of his men followed him. With sharp knives the disabled steer was severed in twain and the end of a rope was fastened to each hoof. Rope in hand, the Major leaped in the saddle and spurred Sir Walter toward the fire line. For the first time the good horse refused to respond to the prick of his master's spur. Vainly the Major urged him forward. Disdaining lash and spur, Sir Walter swerved violently and refused to take the leap. The Major groaned. Seconds meant everything.

At this juncture another horseman, clad in a slick duck coat and leggings, galloped up in the fierce light. It was Atkins. Snatching the rope from the Major's hand, he spurred his horse and dashed straight through the seething wall of flames. The Major made the end of the other rope fast about his saddle pommel; the steer, bloody side down, was laid across the line; a signal was shouted, and the two steeds moved northward at a headlong pace.

Already the two cowboys were off in an opposite direction, dragging their half of the martyred steer along the crackling line, smothering the fire as they ran, leaving behind a smouldering trail that would show black in the morning sun. Back of the leaders followed a score of plainsmen with rolled slickers in their hands, beating out every whisp of fire that remained.

So near at hand that the hot breath and keen smell of burning grass smote her unpleasantly, Margaret drank in the excitement of the scene with eager, fascinated eyes. Her breath came and went in quick, short gasps, as she watched the receding horsemen and the hot column of fire growing thinner and thinner.

Ominous thunder and thick, quick drops of rain warned her that another help was at hand. With a low prayer of thanksgiving, she rode rapidly back toward the ranchhouse, whose lights twinkled like faint stars in the distance.

Ere she reached home the storm broke in fury, and she gained shelter with clinging dress and hair hanging about her face in dripping coils. Anxiety for her father's safety made her unmindful of these things, as she peered through the murky darkness,

Only a faint flicker of flame showed where the battle had raged. This died as the rain swept down in sheets upon the thirsty plains. The thunders volleyed the west wind whipped in fierce gusts; yet she leaned forward to catch the first sound of approaching feet.

At last a heavy step sounded on the walk. With a glad cry, she sprang forward, and a pair of stalwart, rain-wet arms clasped her close. A deep voice that was not her father's sounded in her ears.

"Margaret!"

"Father! Where is he?" she asked.

"Safe," responded Atkins; "and in good spirits."

His arm was still about her when they entered the room. With her dark hair clinging close about her radiant face, she had never before seemed so beautiful. There was love in her eyes, too, and Atkins stooped to kiss her. And the Major, who had stolen quietly into the hall, stole as quietly out again.

The next day the case of the Anglo-American Land Company versus J. B. Weston and arrangements for a wedding were settled by mutual agreement.

## The Trespasses of To

IT is about time that a stand were made against the insidious and unceasing encroachments of the preposition "to." We appeal to Oxford and Cambridge; we call on every lover of English; we ask every intelligent person to bear witness to the trespasses of this urchin of words, going on unchecked to the impoverishment and dementing of our language. "To" is a very little word to stand up to, but its very littleness makes it the more mischievous. It creeps in unthought of to the exclusion of better words, and we are now rapidly nearing the time when the bulk of English speakers, knowing their own language only by hearsay, will recognize no other preposition but to. It is spreading as the green scum on water, every individual plant a thing tiny enough, but in the mass overgrowing the whole, covering the face of the water with thick darkness. The unbroken reign of "to" would whelm a world of etymological history, render English an irrational language, and bring about a dull sameness, phonetically most undesirable.

Let us prove our case. First there is the flagrant trespass of "different to." No one doubts that "different from" is right and "different to" wrong, nor pretends that it could be otherwise; and yet "to" has all but ousted "from;" and good speakers look on either unconcerned or helpless, or even are aiders and abettors of the trespass. Mr. Arthur Balfour is one of the guilty. And that misfortune, with hosts of equally bad examples, leads some even educated and intelligent English speakers and writers to apologize for "different to" under the plea of use; they say the only standard of language is the use of good speakers. That, of course, is arguing in a circle. It leaves it open to any recognized man of letters or public speaker to change the language at his own will. We were going to say "corrupt the language," but in this connection corrupt would obviously be an irrelevant word, for the plea of use necessarily excludes the possibility of corruption. The potter cannot be said to corrupt his clay by molding it into one shape instead of another. And the use or custom school of linguists treat language as mere unformed clay at the disposal of the potter, which is the speaker who is recognized as good. Lord Roseberry, for instance, might start the fashion of saying "I is," instead of "I am," or he might drop the aspirate in Home Rule or pronounce it in hour; and if Mr. Thomas Hardy, say, chose to do the same, there you would have authority enough; and it would according to the plea of uses be correct to say "I is." But the very fact that the word corruption is so frequently spoken of language shows that most of us have an instinct that language is not a mere inert plasticity, but has a proper eikon, its own form. We are directed to the

unquestionable fact that language changes and grows; precisely, and everything that grows without one exception has its proper lines of development. Nothing that grows is mere material for the manufacturer to mold as he will.

We decline to admit that use in any valid apology for "different to." The correctness of "from" is not based on custom at all; it rests on a much deeper foundation, historical and logical. Union and separation are two fundamental conceptions of language, because fundamental in human consciousness; they are the same conception at bottom as you and I, here and there, the prime conceit of existence. "From" arises from the idea of separation, motion away from the speaker; "to" responds to the idea of union, motion to the speaker. Thus in correlating "different" and "to," we yoke together two not merely unequals, but incompatibles. "Different to" is the absolute negation of intelligence in language. On the same grounds "abhorrent to" is a monstrous phrase, but in current use. Equally "averse to," or "aversion to." Properly "averse to" a thing can only mean particularly disposed towards it, being turned from other things to this one in particular. Similarly "alien to" and "distinct to" is a trespass on "from." And what can be said of "remote to?" That is happily not a common trespass; the offence is too glaring; but we have known people write it deliberately. Thus does "to" begin to insinuate itself.

The trespass on "from's" land is the most striking because the most audacious and unwarrantable; and curiously enough it is also the commonest. But "to" also trespasses on "with's" land and sometimes on "for's." People say "compare to" when the very word "com" necessarily requires "with" and not "to" to follow. So "agree to" is usually a trespass on "agree with." But "talk to" is not a trespass on "talk with;" it depends on the point of view. We believe we have heard people say "inconsistent to," and we are not sure we have not heard "sympathize to." Anyway, it would be no more unreasonable than "compare to."

The trespass on "for" or "of" is more doubtful. "Dislike for" or "of" is better than "dislike to;" but in to have a liking "to" instead of "for" a thing "to" has an arguable case. The concept implied is union, not separation. So in "dissimilar to" it may be pleaded that the preposition may as well take its cue from the element of union in similarity as from the separating particle "dis."

But the great offence is the aggression on "from." We hold that every man or woman that has any care for the English language is in duty bound valiantly to resist "different to" and the cognate offences.

*From the London Saturday Review.*



## Heraldic Humors and Errors

By F. J. Knight Adkin

MANY an epitaph has been written on the death of "Chivalrie," scarce one to chronicle the decease of the science of Heraldry, which lent so much romance to the days of joust and tourney. The young man who, five centuries ago, would have stood disgraced as an uneducated boor for confounding the terms "pallet" and "pellet," if reincarnated to-day, might, without rebuke, describe a "talbot rampant azure" as a "blue dog on its hind legs."

The herald, whose person, college and art were once almost superstitiously revered as objects which it was sacrilege to abuse and iconoclasm to maltreat, now often becomes a tool in the vainglorious hand of those who, wishing to decorate their carriage doors appropriately, forget the advice inscribed in 1662 on George Walton's tomb at Little Burstead, Essex:

*Plain coates are noblest; though ye vulgar eye  
Take Joseph's for the best in Herauldry.*

In this matter, however, "a little learning is a dangerous thing," as may be instanced in the case of a certain parvenu in England. Happening to have the same name as a well-known and noble family, he paid his fees to the Herald's College, and requested a grant of the same arms; the College naturally insisted on making a slight change, "for difference." He accepted their decision and forthwith proudly flaunted, over his gateway and on his plate, the famous coat of arms, crossed by the "scarpe sinister"—a mark of illegitimacy!

While on this subject it may be well to correct a very popular and widespread error; namely, that the "bar sinister" is a mark of illegitimate descent. In the first place, to speak of a "bar" as being from the right or left is absurd, since it runs to and from both sides of the shield; again, the "bend sinister" is a perfectly honorable charge, though often mistaken for the "scarpe," which is half, or the "baton," which is one-quarter of its width, and does not touch the sides of the shield; as both of the latter imply a stain on the family honor.

It is not generally known that, although those who have acquired arms by "assumption" are very justly ridiculed, technically they are quite within their rights, on the authority of that cornerstone of the science, "The Boke of St. Albans;" provided the arms are heraldically correct and not exact copies of any existing coat.

In cases of this kind, however, the enterprising "armiger" usually oversteps his rights by adopting an ancestor who "came over with William the Conqueror." Why he should thus modestly stop at the eleventh century it is difficult to see, when many of the old Welsh genealogists inserted a note in the middle of their table to the effect that "about this time Adam was made."

Indeed, Dame Juliana Berners goes further and describes Adam's coat-armor as "a shield gules, upon which the arms of Eve, a shield argent, were quartered, as an escutcheon of pretense, she being an heiress."

The good dame does not take upon herself to explain the why and wherefore of her last remark, but goes on to tell how, as a punishment, after the fall, Adam is compelled to bear the ignominious shield *paly tranche*, divided in every way and tinctured of

every color;" a much more difficult design, be it noticed, for Eve to embroider on a fig-leaf garment.

Without a touch of profanity, Nicholas Ferne, too, ascribes crests and arms to most of the Biblical characters. Among others, he mentions that "the apostles were also gentlemen of blood."

Whether this fact materially assisted their position after death is a matter of conjecture; for on the authority of Dionysius, the Areopagite, first Bishop of Athens, it is stated that social distinctions exist in heaven much as they do on earth, the angels being

## The Children

BY M. A.

THE children live in heaven all day,  
And if we watch them as they play  
Perhaps we may some hint surprise  
Of secret dealings with the skies.

They dance, they run, they leap, they shout,  
They fling the torch of joy about;  
Gay prodigals of golden mirth,  
They lavish laughter on the earth.

Beneath his shrining carriage-hood,  
The baby, small benignant Buddh—  
Undoubted Deity awhile—  
Regards us with mysterious smile.

Their fancy touches common things,  
The very dust takes fairy wings:  
The earth is all a box of toys  
For lucky little girls and boys.

They share our table, use our chairs,  
With quaint proprietary airs.  
The world is theirs: if we behave,  
They'll give us part of what we gave.

The sun drops low; the day is done,—  
Their day of laughter, light, and fun;  
With stumbling feet and nodding head,  
Divinity goes up to bed.

And then in little snowy gown  
The tired tiny folk lie down,  
And piping voices, drowsed with sleep,  
Chirp softly from the pillows deep:—

*"Ich bin klein,  
Mein Herz ist rein,  
Niemand als Jesus allein,  
Soll wohnen drein."*

The children sleep in heaven all night,  
Then meet the morning with delight,  
And scamper out upon their way  
To love and live in heaven all day.

*From the London Spectator.*

classed as Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Principalities, Archangels or Angels. Imagine the chagrin of a royal duke on finding himself created a mere "Archangel," while his butler takes precedence of him with the full distinctions of a "Power!" It would be well, however, to think twice before accepting this theory as a belief; in fact, Casaubon, with the candid directness which has been the hall-mark of the critic for all time, denounces those who are sufficiently credulous to do so, as "asses."

Heywood, however, in 1645, taking the risk of this undignified appellation, published a kind of celestial "Burke" called "The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels," in which he enumerates their names, orders and offices. The great Calvin dismisses this work as "mera garrulitas" (nonsensical chatter); while Nares sarcastically suggests that the author went to heaven and then returned, in order that the world in general might benefit by his experiences.

In spite of all these fantastic conceits, it is certain that a rude style of heraldry did exist in very early times. The arms of the Grecian emperors as described on trustworthy evidence as "a cross between four bouncing B's." (How these alphabetical gymnastics were performed is left entirely to the imagination.) These letters were supposed to be the initials of Greek words meaning, "King of Kings, reigning over Kings." Selden argues the impossibility of such extreme majesty; "though German civilians would fain have it otherwise," was the pertinent remark of Archdeacon Nares a century ago; he also implies an "odious comparison" when he adds that ancient emperors liked to style themselves gods. It is of interest to notice how little change a hundred years makes in the characteristics of a nation.

The fanciful devices by which men and families were distinguished are not confined by any means to the civilized races of the earth; the potentates and head men of nearly all savage races claim kinship with some bird or animal, frequently tracing their device on pottery, dwellings and clothing or even on their own bodies. Their war cries also have a parallel in our mottoes, many of which originated from the same source; this accounts in some instances for a seemingly senseless sentence, such as the Dakines' of Derbyshire, "Strike Dakyns, the Devil's in the Hemp."

The point is a little more evident in the motto of that ancient and cross-legged fraternity, the Merchant Tailors, "*Sit merita laus.*" The "merry tailors," however, refused either to "sit" or stand such levity, and had it altered to its present form. This they had every right to do, though many people believe the motto to be as difficult to alter as the crest or coat of arms.

But while everyone has a right to assume whatever word or sentence he likes, it is advisable to use some discretion, lest one fall into the same plight as a certain funeral outfitter who had a coat of arms made to order when he attained to the dignity of alderman. As a finishing touch, some wag added for a motto the word "*Suscipio*" (I undertake), which formed an unconscious advertisement of the owner's profession on his private notepaper.

This is hardly a surprising mistake when one remembers the general disregard exhibited toward the science. How few Americans, born and bred, would recognize the description, "A shield argent, charged with six pallets gules; on a chief azure, thirty-eight stars of the first," as the emblem of the United States, one of the most simple and beautiful of all emblems.

Simplicity, nevertheless is not a leading feature

in all American arms. For instance, the only possible way to blazon the arms of Kansas would be as follows: "Two ox-teams and wagons between a man plowing in sinister foreground, and Indians hunting buffalo in dexter middle distance; on sinister a double-funneled and hurricane-decked steamer; behind mountains in distance, sun rising; on sky in half-circle, thirty-seven stars; all proper. Motto, *Ad astra per aspera*."

Speaking of heraldry in America, Mr. Cussans calls attention to a fact which may be verified seven days in the week by a walk along Fifth avenue; how among the passing carriages he noticed many which bore arms to which the owners had no right, while an equal number bore monograms where a crest or coat of arms might justly have been blazoned. He goes on to quote an anecdote told by Mr. Crampton, who was once British Minister at Washington. It seems that he imported a brougham from England, and on visiting a carriage builder some time later found a miscellaneous collection of vehicles ornamented with his own arms. On making inquiries he learned that several citizens who "liked the pattern" had had it copied.

These mishaps will continue to occur until some kind of a college is formed to manage the heraldic system of the United States, which is as genuine and complete as that of any European nation.

Being free from the trammels of a peerage, however, such a body would not have to authorize rules for conversation with noble persons, such as are set down in the two hundred and fourth number of *The Tatler*, which affirms that the title "his lordship" must be used only for dignified purposes. For instance, though one may speak of "his lordship's favor or judgment," it would be an error of taste to mention "his lordship's thumb, wig, cane or great toe."

Many people place a blind trust in their stationer or monumental mason to turn out their armorial bearings correctly. The result is sometimes extraordinary, not to say extra-natural. One statuary, who was required to design a tomb, copied the arms from a tablet erected to the memory of the grandfather of the deceased; the latter thus went down to posterity as a bachelor, aged ten years, married to his own grandmother, which lady had departed to a better land some forty years before his birth.

It is some satisfaction to remember that genealogical forgeries are not confined to modern days. Some centuries ago they took place on a far larger scale. In the twelfth century an imposition was attempted which, though it may be condemned on the ground of its colossal impudence, is entitled to a certain respect by reason of the overwhelming patriotism displayed in its inception.

It happened as follows: One Geoffrey of Monmouth, an English friar, being a learned man, had taken a deep interest in Greek and Roman histories, and became exceedingly jealous of their grand records, stretching back into the vagueness of primeval days. He determined that England should have some ancient history, even if he wore out his last quill to procure it. Forthwith he sat down and concocted the story of one Brutus, a grandson of Æneas of Troy, who in the course of his travels discovered, colonized and gave his name to Britain.

The ingenious man was destined, however, to disappointment. Nubrigensis, Polydore Virgil and Camden, sordid realists with no imagination, callously rejected the work. It was a case of mistaken vocation. As a historian Geoffrey was a failure, even in the twelfth century; to-day he might make his fortune on the staff of an evening paper.

Several of the more ancient nations of the earth

filched "a past" and ignored criticism. The Egyptians appropriate a period of some fifty thousand years, and pretend to have noted twelve hundred eclipses before the reign of Alexander the Great.

The Chaldeans unblushingly state that they made astronomical observations during four hundred thousand years. The Chinese modestly claim to have done the same for merely forty thousand years, though this takes them back many centuries before the creation, as established by Moses.

The Arcadians openly boasted that they were more ancient than the moon; while Sicilians make the date of the foundation of Palermo contemporary with the patriarch Isaac.

All this may wander a little from the subject, but where history begins heraldry begins also; besides, what is said of nations may equally well be applied to families.

Mr. Fox-Davies, the most exact and exclusive of modern heralds, says:

"... Though it is a brutal admission to have to make, I cannot believe, and do not believe for one moment, any man's account of his own family or take his word concerning them. No matter how truthful a man may be, his probity never seems to have stability on that one point."

Of the thousands of titled and untitled families who claim descent from followers of William the Conqueror, etc., only three hundred and thirty can prove their claim back to Henry VII!

"Hungry time hath made a glutton's meal on this catalogue of gentry" (the list of gentry of Henry VI.'s time), "and hath left but a very little morsel for manners remaining," says Fuller in his book, "Worthies of Bedfordshire."

On one subject at least the ancient heralds cannot be taken as authorities—that of natural history; one

has been taught, for instance, to deny the existence of the griffin they so often portray, though Sir John Mandeville vouches for it in the twenty-sixth chapter of his "Ryght Marveyulous Travels," saying that in Bacharie there are "more plentee" than anywhere else, having "the body upward as an egle, and benethe as a lyoun;" they are, however, stronger than a combination of one hundred eagles and eight lions, frequently carrying off two yoked oxen to their nests; of their feathers "men maken bowes full stronge to schote with arowes."

They also blazon the homocane (half child, half spaniel), the falcon fish with a hound's ear and "the wonderful pig of the ocean"—all vouched for, no doubt, by travelers who had seen them.

Nor do they distinguish themselves in the role of prophets; after a small victory in the War of Independence an English officer was granted on his crest "a broken flagstaff bearing the American standard reversed." It is surprising that this has not since been differenced as "the American standard on a flagstaff very durably repaired."

The question of authorizing arms in the United States has been brought before Congress, but by some oversight the words of Noah were never quoted, which would have at once persuaded the House that no country has so ancient a right to use these once much esteemed appurtenances of a gentleman. For after leaving the ark, writes Dame Juliana, he said to Ham: "Wycked kaytiff, as a churle though shalt live in the thirde parte of the worlde wich shall be calde Europe, that is to say, the contre of churles." But to Japheth he says: "Cum heder, my sonne, thou shalt have my blessing, dere; I make thee a gentilman of the West part of the worlde, that is to say, the centre of gentilmen."

From *Smart Set*.

## An English Dreyfus

### Astonishing Case of Adolph Beck

#### By "Piccadilly"

**A** MOST astonishing case of criminal conviction through mistaken identity, coupled, some think, with unbelievable stupidity, and complicated by a set of circumstances that would not receive credence if woven into fiction, has been absorbing public attention in London and throughout England. Adolph Beck—twice convicted of fraud, once sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, which he served, and, at the last moment, miraculously saved from another sentence of ten or fourteen years—is the central character in the remarkable series of incidents that is occupying public attention. Beck was entirely innocent of the crime with which he was charged—fraud—yet he was adjudged guilty despite his impassioned plea for justice. And, queerly, the testimony by which he was held on the hearing in the justice's court would, if admitted in the higher court, have cleared him.

The story begins in 1877. In London, in that year, a man who courted obscurity under the name of John Smith was convicted of defrauding one Louisa Leonard of earrings, a finger-ring and eleven shillings. Smith had formed the acquaintance of the complaining witness, had told her that he was Lord Wil-

loughby, that he had a house in St. John's Wood, and that he wanted a housekeeper. Under this pretense he borrowed her jewelry, in order, he said, that he might have it duplicated in better material, and also money, giving her a check on the Union Bank for the latter. Other women testified to having been defrauded by Smith in the same manner. The case was plain against him, and he was convicted and sentenced to five years.

This all happened away back in 1877. In 1896, nineteen years afterward, similar crimes were committed. The method used was about the same as employed by Smith in 1877, so it was agreed among the police that he was at his old tricks. A man supposed to be Smith was arrested. He swore that he was Adolph Beck. Eliss Spurrell, who had arrested Smith in 1877, swore that Beck was Smith. Fanny Nutt, a victim of the second series of frauds, swore that Beck was the man who, by pretending that he had a house in St. John's Wood and needed a housekeeper, obtained her jewelry and gave her a check on the Union Bank. Other girls testified to a similar experience. To some of them he had said that he was Lord de Wilton. Same crime, same methods,



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same man—what more could the justice want? So Beck, alleged to be Smith, ex-convict, was bound over to be tried in the Old Bailey for a felony. His trial there was a remarkable one.

All the evidence in the police court trial showed that the rascal of 1877 was the rascal of 1896—that Smith, long after his release from prison, had adopted his former way of making a living. The police judge was satisfied that Beck was Smith, and as Smith he was sent to the Old Bailey for final trial. But there, strangely enough, the Smith contention was dropped—in fact, was forced out. Spurrell, the policeman who had identified him, did not testify. Had Spurrell appeared there it would have been conclusively proven that Beck was not Smith, for Major Lindholm, Gentleman of the Chamber to the King of Denmark, swore that Beck was in Lima, Peru, in 1880. Smith, at that time, was in jail. Colonel Josiah Harris, an unimpeachable witness, swore that he knew Beck in Lima from 1875 to 1882. The consul-general of Peru in Liverpool swore that he knew Beck in Lima in 1882. But, to the judge, this had nothing to do with the case. It was ruled that whether or not Beck was the John Smith of 1877 had nothing to do with the case. He was the man who, shortly before, had swindled servant girls. The girls had identified him, and that was enough. Yet, had Spurrell been allowed to testify in the Old Bailey and swear that Beck was Smith, the case would have fallen flat, for the evidence of the witnesses quoted would have proved that Beck and Smith could not be the same. Similarly with the handwriting expert's testimony. He tangled himself. He swore that the Union Bank checks of 1877 and 1896 were in the same hand, which was not Beck's hand. To offset that he swore that Beck, in writing the checks, had used a disguised hand. Yet Beck was in Peru in 1877. He could not have written the checks issued that year. How, then, could he have written the checks of 1896, which, as admitted by the expert, were written by the hand that wrote the first ones? But this testimony was not admitted. It would have cleared Beck, taken in connection with his *alibi*.

Beck was convicted. Then came an astounding thing. The police court proceedings and Spurrell's testimony were resurrected, and Beck was sent to Portland jail as Smith, with a first conviction against him—and this after testimony to show that he was not Smith had been excluded from the trial.

Beck went to prison. He "banged the tins, he bawled the hymns," with the rest of them. For two years he was there, a crushed, bewildered man, before he discovered that the Smith who was convicted in 1877 was a Jew. Beck sent a petition to the home office asking that the prison doctor be allowed to examine him. This was done, and the doctor reported that Beck was not a Jew. The home office removed the stigma of previous conviction from him, thereby admitting that he was not the Smith that he had been designated on the prison record—but he remained in jail. He forwarded one petition after another, setting forth his case as I have presented it—the fact that he was not Smith, and that it must have been Smith who committed both series of crimes. Beck sent a dozen or more of these petitions, but they were ignored. He was released when he had finished his term—then came another remarkable chapter.

After his release, in 1901, Beck lived with George R. Sims, the journalist, who had known him in 1888, who had always believed him innocent, and who has just furnished the *Daily Mail* with a series of letters which are a scathing arraignment of the courts, the home office, and all who were connected with the incidents by which Beck was proclaimed a felon. While with Sims Beck devoted his time to attending to the business he had been pursuing when convicted, and in trying to establish his innocence. He spent over a thousand pounds in this manner, and fought valiantly to clear his name of the smirch upon it. His plea was attracting public attention, and he was growing hopeful, when an astounding thing happened. Smith appeared again; Smith defrauded servant girls; Smith claimed to be Lord Willoughby, with a house in St. John's Wood; Smith gave his victims checks on the Union Bank; and Beck was arrested as the criminal. Gasp with astonishment, if you will, but the records bear out my statements that, on July 15, 1904, Beck was again arrested as being the man of 1877, and the man he had in 1896 proved himself not to be.

In this last trial Pauline Scott was the principal witness. She had been swindled out of a gold ring, a watch and one pound by a man who had called himself Lord Willoughby, who wanted a housekeeper for his establishment in St. John's Wood, who gave her a check on the Union Bank. The police went to work on the case. They discovered that Beck ate in a certain restaurant. Pauline Scott was placed where she could watch him, and she said he was the

man. On this testimony, and similar testimony by other girls, he was convicted a second time, and at the trial the same handwriting expert who had testified in 1896 swore that the checks written in 1877, in 1896 and in 1904 were by the same hand—that they were in Beck's disguised handwriting. Beck's counsel tried to resurrect former testimony, to show the impossibility of Beck and Smith being the same, but he was convicted and sent to jail to await sentence. Then the miracle happened.

While Beck was in jail awaiting sentence, an inspector of the detective department accidentally turned into the police department one morning and asked if there were any prisoners. He was told that there was a man there charged with defrauding two servant girls by a trick. The inspector knew of the Beck case, and with it in mind went in to see the prisoner. He saw upon his chin the scar for which vain search had been made on Beck when he was on trial in 1896. He exclaimed "John Smith!" and reported his discovery to his chief. An investigation was made, and, two days later, Beck was set free. At last he was cleared of the charges against him—at last it was publicly acknowledged that Adolph Beck was Adolph Beck, not John Smith.

The case is a remarkable instance, for one thing, of the unreliability of identification by ignorant people. The girls who gave damaging testimony against Beck in 1896 and 1904 swore that Beck was the man who had defrauded them, and Spurrell swore that he was the Smith of 1877. Yet, now that the real Smith has been found, it is discovered that there is little real resemblance between them. Besides this is the fact that Beck, who is a Norwegian, speaks English with a foreign accent—and think of a man with a Norwegian accent trying to impersonate an English lord!

Beck has been offered two thousand pounds by the government as compensation if he will let the case drop. He has rejected it and demanded an investigation. The *Daily Mail*, which, with almost the entire press behind it, is clamoring for a public ventilation of the whole affair, has guaranteed him his two thousand pounds in case he fails to receive it from the government.

Beck calls his prosecution a conspiracy. He cannot be blamed very much; and any one is justified in pronouncing it a piece of colossal stupidity on the part of his prosecutors.

*From the San Francisco Argonaut.*

## NEW BOOKS

## "THE MARVELOUS LAND OF OZ."

"The Marvelous Land of Oz," which is an account of the further adventures of "The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman" and sequel to "The Wizard of Oz," has just made its appearance from the press of the Reilly & Britton Company, of Chicago. This latest book for juveniles promises to be fully as popular as any the author, L. Frank Baum, has produced. There are more than 200 pages with good illustrations in black and white and in colors. The stirring adventures of the wonderful characters created by Mr. Baum have captivated American children and have almost sent the ancient nursery books into oblivion.

## "SEUIL."

Everybody who has read "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," by Henry A. Shute, are pleased with the "Seuil," which the same author has just placed before them. The book is from the Everett press, of Boston, Mass., and, like its precursor, contains some rather clever material told in a boyish way. Old boys as well as youngsters may read it with pleasant recollections.

## "ZOLA AND HIS WORK."

John Lane, the New York publisher, heads his fall list of books with Ernest Alfred Vizetelly's authoritative biography, "Emile Zola, Novelist and Reformer—An Account of His Life and Work." Zola, as the author writes, prophesied that the day would come when justice would be done to him; and here at least the biographer has done justice to his subject. The book follows the life of the famous Frenchman from his boyhood days, when he spent his vacations rambling through Provence. The antecedents of the great novelist are set forth, with especial interest in the brilliant work and bitter disappointments of his father, whose profession of engineering Zola at first desired to follow. His early struggles in writing, his wretched experience of poverty, and the associations of his Bohemian youth are described with sympathy and candor.

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The growth of his humanitarian ideas and his practical employment of them are followed, and the famous part taken in the Dreyfus case is shown without overshadowing the proper course of the chronicle. Throughout the literary growth of the novelist is kept in view, and his works are successively analyzed, as in the case of the Rougon-Macquart's novels, of which full synopses are given. Mr. Vizetelly has been the translator of Zola's many novels into English. The point of view of the English speaking reader is never forgotten. The book has earned the praise of Dr. Guy Carleton Lee, of Johns Hopkins University, literary editor of the Baltimore *Sun*, who pronounced it "indispensable to the student of literature." The illustrations are from photographs taken especially for the volume, for the most part, and some of them from photographs by Zola himself. Six full-page portraits show Zola at different periods.

## "A LATER PEPYS."

Another book of literary importance on Mr. Lane's list is "A Later Pepys: The Correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., Master in Chancery, 1758-1825, with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Montagu, Hannah More, William Franks, Sir James Macdonald, Major Rennell, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall and Others." It is edited by Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen, of whose success the *Athenaeum* (London) says: "The editor has done her work not only with care, but also with a knowledge and insight which are none too common in these days of hasty superficiality." In speaking of the general appearance of the two volumes, *The Academy and Literature* (London) says: "Striking features of the book are its typographical excellence and its copious and admirable illustration, equally successful whether recording beauties like Cecilia Bosanquet, eminent men like David Hartley, whose semblances are now unfamiliar, districts like Hanover Square, whose appearance has undergone mutation, or such curiosities as the sample worked by Mary Pepys in A. D. 1747." This kinsman of the great diarist gained the respect of Dr. Johnson, and was a typical figure of a remarkable period, the Laelius of Hannah More's "Bas Bleu" and the Prime Minister of the Queen of the Bluestockings. There is hardly a phase of the life of distinguished and intellectual men of the day upon which these volumes do not throw entertaining and useful sidelights.

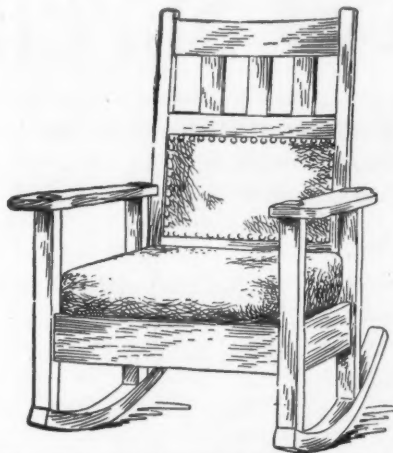
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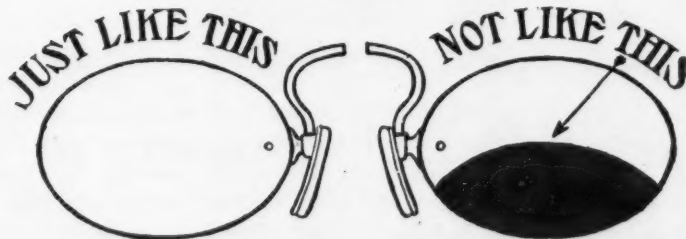
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# A CHAPTER OF BLUNDERS

You must know that in, my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility to shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion my blood all rushes into my cheeks. Having been sent to the university, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamored of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the death of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds.

I now purchased an estate in the country, and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretense of not being quite settled. Often, when I have ridden or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again the next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate joining to that I purchased. He has two sons and five daughters, all grown up and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's at Friendly Hall.

Conscious of my unpolished gate, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons of a professor who teaches grown gentlemen "to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body and the due adjustment of the center of gravity to the five positions.

Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory when unsupported by habitual practice!

As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned up all my fortitude and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family.

The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship and the familiar chat of the young ladies insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own.

To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes which (as I never before had heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, I supposed, willing to save me trouble, rose to take the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and, unluckily, pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it.

In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarcely knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of the confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up; and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl or help to various dishes that stood near me—spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-

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cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, when fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louise Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate.

Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionate my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness. But oh! how shall I tell the sequel?

Whether the butler by accident mistook or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor spurted through my fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of the Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair,

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rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

## Metlach Steins

We have just received from Messrs. Villeroy & Boch, of Metlach, Germany, a complete invoice of their famous Steins. These makers are pre-eminent in their line; making the most beautiful Steins in the world.

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## DRAMATIC

## "THE TENDERFOOT."

"The Tenderfoot," with Richard Carle as *Professor Prettibone*, has been doing well at the Century, despite the familiarity of the public with the piece and its music. The action in the play, the music and the fun and the company all tend to make its reappearance here a success. Mr. Carle's work reflects his congeniality as a comedian in this musical farce and the other members of the company are almost equally as clever in their parts. Next week the "Sultan of Sulu," another of George Ade's productions, will be the Century attraction. This piece has all the comedy and good music that may be desired and a very good company. The songs are good and in fact the "Sultan of Sulu," though as familiar to many, perhaps, as "The Tenderfoot," still has a good hold upon the St. Louis theatergoers. The success of Mr. Ade's "County Chairman" will no doubt do much to attract visitors to the "Sultan of Sulu."

## WILLIAMS AND WALKER.

Williams and Walker, in their musical comedy, "In Dahomey," are doing excellent business at the Grand, and there is every reason to believe their three weeks' engagement will be a big financial success. Williams and Walker are genuine negro entertainers. They had an eight-weeks run in London and an extraordinary success in New York. The company is a big one, all genuine blackface actors, and "In Dahomey," the vehicle of their fun-making, though here last season, has been remodeled and refreshed by new features and specialties.

## "MOTHER GOOSE."

"Mother Goose" will be at the Olympic the remainder of this week and all



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of the next, and those who have not witnessed this great spectacle and enjoyed the humor injected into the production by Joe Cawthorne and Miss McIntyre and several other capable fun-makers, had better take advantage of the remaining days of its stay. The singing of Miss McIntyre in "Shame," of Neva Aymer in "Laughing Water" and of Mr. Cawthorne and others in "The Old Oaken Bucket" is in itself a treat. But the ballet effects are wonderful and for scenic magnificence the big production has had few if any equals.

## "PARSIFAL" COMING.

Definite announcement has been made by Mr. Savage of the appearance here of his immense production of "Parsifal," which is to be seen in only half a dozen of the largest cities of the country. Wagner's festival play will be presented at the Olympic during the week of March 20.

## "LOUISIANA" AT ODEON.

Kiralfy's "Louisiana" with a score of new effects and features, is drawing full houses to the Odeon. The Mound-builders scene, which has always been recognized as one of the most pretentious in the spectacle, has been made more so by the addition recently of thirty young women. The radium dance, the pony ballet and Fred Bowers' musical spectacle are, however, getting their share of attention from the audiences.

## THE STANDARD.

One of the most pretentious companies at the Standard this season is "The Transatlantic Burlesquers," holding forth there this week. This company presents a musical farce, the "Pirates of Panama," which has been enthusiastically received by the patrons. The vaudeville numbers are also of the best. "The Kentucky Belles" will be the next attraction.

## "BEN HUR" COMING.

"Ben Hur," the semi-religious play which has broken many records in the history of theatricals, will come back for an indefinite engagement at the Olympic following "Mother Goose."

## AT THE IMPERIAL.

"The Darling of the Gods," now in its eighth week, still enjoys a successful patronage. The Imperial is crowded at each performance. Miss Bates, who plays *Yo San*, is almost regarded now as a St. Louisan, so closely has she connected herself with the life of the city. Those who have not seen her in this great drama of Japan should do so before the engagement ends.

The list of the Russian Czar's relatives includes a brother, an uncle, four cousins of the first degree, ten of the second, thirteen of the third and a great-uncle. All of these except the thirteen cousins of the third degree must be addressed as "imperial highness." These thirty-three male relatives of the Czar

are a great burden to the empire, as each of them receives an annual income of \$460,000. They moreover own in the aggregate 5,000 square miles of land and 325 palaces, employing an army of 20,000 servants.

After the jury in a Texas case had listened to the charge of the court and gone to their room to deliberate upon the verdict, one of the twelve men went right to the point by saying: "That thar Pike Muldrow orter to be convicted on gen'ral principles. He's bad as they make 'em." As the hum of approval went around, a weazened little juror said: "I heerd that Pike guv' it out that he'd go gunnin' fur us if we sent him up, jes' soon's he got out, an' fur the

jedge, too." "We must perfect the jedge," they agreed, and the verdict was "Not guilty."

"You can fool all of the people part of the time, and part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," declares the street orator. "You can if you don't sell 'em Swope's shoes," chuckled a retail shoe dealer who was in the crowd. Swope's store, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., is one place where the public never gets fooled.

Stringem—"Say, do you want to get next to a scheme for making money fast?" Nibbles—"Sure I do." Stringem "Glue it to the floor."—*Chicago News.*

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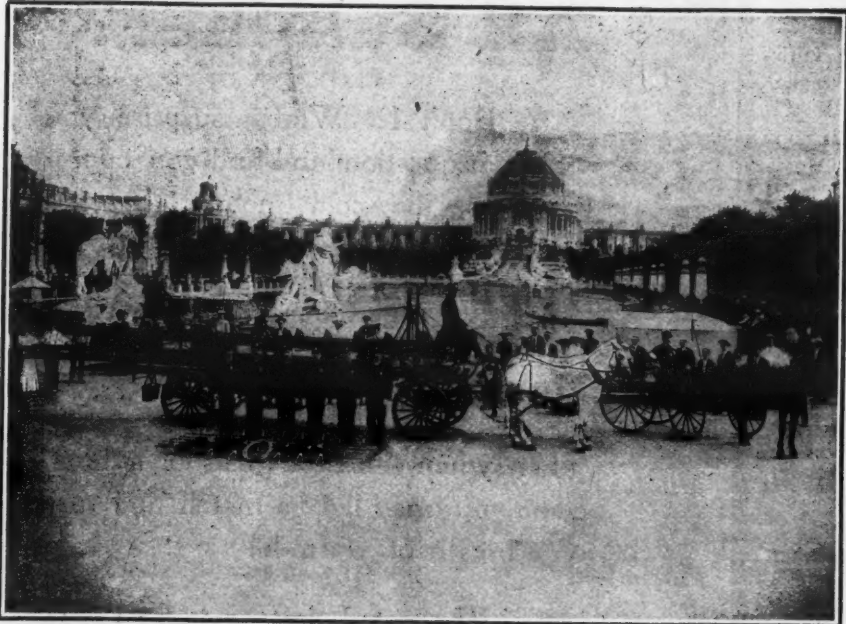
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# Hale Fire Fighters

## ON THE PIKE.



The Greatest Spectacular Show Ever  
Presented to the Public.

The men used in this exhibition are picked firemen from the large departments throughout the country. Chief Hale, for twenty-two years Chief of the Kansas City (Mo.) Department, with the teams used in this exhibition, went to London in 1893 and Paris in 1900, and at the international tournaments at these places won the INTERNATIONAL CUP in every event. In this exhibition, for the first time in the history of the world, women and children can sit in cozy seats and watch the workings of a modern fire department. They see the life as lived by American firemen and their work as carried on day by day. Before them a fire breaks out in a six-story building, and they see the fire put out and people rescued from the building. Every exhibition is applauded and cheered by the women as well as men, who on leaving are enthused in admiration with the horses as well as the men that constitute the ideal fire department. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it the most realistic as well as greatest exhibition on the grounds, and none who visit the Fair should fail to see it.

ADMISSION:

ADULTS 50c.

CHILDREN 25c.

### WHOLE TOWN WENT FISHING

A novel fishing contest, in which there were over 2,000 participants, was recently organized on the banks of the Vienne river, at the little town of Chatterault, France.

Shortly after midnight the mayor of Chatterault, accompanied by the entire municipal council, the athletic club, the local band and the majority of the population, took his place in front of the town hall, and with banners flying they marched to the railway station to meet the incoming special from Paris.

At 4 o'clock the amateur Izaak Walton from the capital had all arrived at Chatterault. By this time the feminine contingent of the little town had turned out in force, and gaily beribboned gowns and flowered hats swelled the merry crowd.

Everybody repaired once more to the town hall, where lots were drawn for the places which had been staked out for two miles along the course of the stream. A bugle call set the procession in movement, and, headed by the mayor, the municipal council and the band, and reinforced by 300 local fishermen, the miniature army of anglers set out for the scene of the contest.

The competition lasted four hours and was brought to a close by a trumpet blast. Once more the crowd made its way to the public market place, where a lunch was served, fish counted, prizes given, medals distributed and eloquent speeches made on the gentle art of fish-

ing, which is the favorite pastime of the middle classes in France.

Many women took part in the contest and were loudly cheered when they figured among the prize winners. A ball ended the proceedings, and the 2,000 fishermen and women, with their 2,000 rods and 2,000 landing nets, and 2,000 fish baskets, returned home.—*New York American*.

### ORIGIN OF UNCLE SAM

A curious version of the origin of "Uncle Sam" has been discovered in an old almanac published in Lexington, Ky., in 1814, and now in the library of the Missouri State Historical Society. The phrase is explained in the following words: "Uncle Sam is a cant phrase significant of the United States, as John Bull is significant of England. The origin of it seems to be this: In the year 1807 there was authorized by law the raising of a regiment of light dragoons. When the company first appeared the caps they wore bore the letters U. S. L. D., signifying the United States Light Dragoons. A countryman seeing the company in dress parade asked a bystander what the letters stood for. 'Why,' was the answer, 'that means Uncle Sam's Lazy Dogs.' Since that time the use of the term has become general."

Sir Conan Doyle recently told a story of an English officer who was badly wounded in South Africa, and the mili-

tary surgeon had to shave off that portion of his brains which protruded from his skull. The officer got well, and later on in London the surgeon asked whether he knew that a portion of his brain was in a glass bottle in a laboratory. "Oh, that does not matter now," replied the soldier; "I've got a permanent position in the war office."

While traveling in a third class carriage on one of the big English lines the late Father John Healy found himself opposite a bitter-looking individual, who took the opportunity to declare himself an atheist. The cleric merely nodded his head and became absorbed in his book. But the unbeliever was bent on having an argument, and began to set forth his views in a loud voice and with many expressions bordering upon coarseness. At last Father Healy looked up quietly and said: "You sir, as an atheist believe in nothing." "I only believe in what I can understand," replied the other. "It comes to the same thing," was the bland retort. And the spouter remained silent for the rest of the journey.

Through sleeper to Ogden and Salt Lake City via Omaha and Union Pacific. Only 44½ hours to Salt Lake City. Tickets and reservations at 903 Olive St.

If Russian sayings and proverbs are a true index, the position of women within the Czar's domains is not much

better than in the land of the Mikado. Here are some sample adages: "Where the devil can't enter there he sends women." "The head of a woman is as empty as the purse of a Tartar." "A woman without fear is bolder than a goat." "If you beat your wife in the morning, don't forget to do it again in the afternoon." "Hit your wife with the handle of your ax; she is no pitcher to break at the first blow." "If you beat a fur it becomes warmer, and if you beat your wife she will be more true to you."

### WELL-FOUNDED FEAR

She—Let you kiss me! Why, I've known you only two days.

He—True, but I was afraid you wouldn't allow it if you knew me better.—*October Smart Set*.



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STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS  
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Singleton—"Does a married man ever  
follow his wife's advice?"

Wedderly—"Yes, occasionally, but it  
usually follows him."—Chicago News.

## LEARNING ESKIMO

Father Jette tells a good story about  
Father Barnum of St. Michael's—a  
nephew, by the way, of the great show-  
man—and his efforts to learn the differ-  
ent parts of the Eskimo verb. Father  
Barnum selected an intelligent looking  
native and, taking up a paddle, went  
through all the motions of using it.  
Then he said to his chosen teacher,  
"Cha?" (what?) which is the one word  
ever on the tongue of a beginner.  
"Cha?" The Eskimo in good faith  
gave him a phrase corresponding to the  
labored paddle movements.

In as good faith Father Barnum  
wrote it down, though he wondered  
why "you paddle" should be, so long  
in Eskimo. He then gave his instruc-  
tor the paddle, urged him by signs to  
go through the motions of paddling and  
again asked, "Cha?" (what?) Again  
the Eskimo gave it, and the priest wrote  
it down. This was the first person of  
the verb. There remained now only  
the third, "he paddles." The white  
man pointed to a native approaching in  
a canoe, paddling, of course, and again  
asked, "What?" The phrase the in-  
structor in all good faith gave him, but  
this was quite different from the other  
two, and very long to be simply  
the third person singular, indicative of  
a commonly used verb.

But this was no more queer than  
many other phases of the language,  
thought the priest, and, well content,  
he began to practice his verb. And  
this, as he some time afterward discov-  
ered, was the verb he practiced:

"First person, I paddle well; second,  
You paddle very poorly; third, That  
man wants some tobacco."

## BENEFIT PERFORMANCE

Everybody who has sympathized with  
the Boers in their futile struggles for  
independence, in fact all charitably in-  
clined persons who visit the World's  
Fair Grounds to-day, Thursday, should  
not fail to view the great Boer-British  
War spectacle, of which two perform-  
ances will be given, one at 3:30 p. m.  
and the other at 7:30 p. m. These will  
be benefit performances and the receipts  
will be turned over by Manager Frank  
E. Fillis to President Francis to be  
finally placed for distribution among the  
families of Northern Transvaal who  
have lost all through the late war. This  
is the favorite plan of Generals Cronje  
and Vilejoen, the Boer leaders with the  
show, who have ever a thought for their  
unfortunate countrymen at home. The  
Boer-British War production continues  
a great success—one of the favorite  
attractions of the great Fair. The real-  
istic war scenes—the great illuminated  
finale, the flash of artillery and the  
Paardeburg explosion, never fail to win  
a storm of applause. The prices of ad-  
mission to the show are: Grand stand,  
50 cents; special seats, 75 cents, and box  
seats, \$1.

"I suppose," said the drummer, "you  
labor on the Sabbath and rest the re-  
mainder of the week." "No," replied  
the village parson; "I try to collect my  
salary on week days."—Chicago News.

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one of the books just published." Prim-

ly—"Indeed! What book?" Swatter—  
"The directory."—Chicago News.



# GUN HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

"Sweet Lips," the gun that is said to have swerved the tide of the American revolution and led to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, has recently become the possession of Mr. Ware, the Commissioner of Pensions. It was the property of Darling Jones, a Southerner, who, as a sixteen-year-old boy enlisted in the Continental service and fought for nine months, first in Colonel Shelby's regiment from North Carolina, and afterward in Colonel John Sevier's regiment from Eastern Tennessee.

Jones carried the gun at the battle of King's mountain on October 7th, 1780, and, the story says, fired the bullet that killed Ferguson, the major who led the British forces.

The death of the commander of the expedition was the turning point of the battle, and that battle, with its score of three hundred Britons killed and wounded, and eight hundred and ten captured, was the turning point of General Cornwallis's career. The expedition of Cornwallis was immediately checked, and his capture subsequently effected.

The gun is a long-barreled flint-lock, a clumsy and unsightly weapon, but it was effective at short range in those days. Jones, who lived at Jonesboro, Tennessee, died in 1848. He gave the gun to his son-in-law, William Duncan, who, in turn, presented it to Frank Montcastle, in whose family it remained for many years.

According to Congressman Wade, of Iowa, a young man once took a sack of corn to an old-fashioned mill to have it ground into meal. The mill was fearfully slow, only a tiny stream of meal trickling out. At last the young man became impatient, and complained to the miller. "Do you know," he said, "I could eat that meal faster than your

old mill can grind it." "Yes," replied the miller, "but how long could you keep on eating it?" "Until I starved," was the conclusive answer of the young man.

## A POSER IN ARITHMETIC

A Chinaman died, leaving his property by will to his three sons, as follows: "To Fuen-huen, the oldest, one-half thereof; to Nu-pin, his second son, one-third thereof; and to Ding-bat, his youngest, one-ninth thereof."

When the property was inventoried, it was found to consist of nothing more nor less than seventeen elephants; and it puzzled the three heirs how to divide the property according to the terms of the will without chopping up seventeen elephants, and thereby seriously impairing their value. Finally they applied to a wise neighbor, Suen-punk, for advice. Suen-punk had an elephant of his own. He drove it into the yard with the seventeen, and said:

"Now we will suppose your father left these eighteen elephants. Fuen-huen, take your half and depart."

So Fuen-huen took nine elephants and traveled.

"Now, Nu-pin, take your third and go."

"Now, Ding-bat," said the wise man, "take your ninth and be gone."

So Ding-bat took two elephants and vamoosed. Then Suen-punk took his own elephant and drove home again.

Query: Was the property divided according to the terms of the will?

## NOT VERY CRAZY

Prof. William Bacon Bailey had occasion in the course of his researches to visit a number of insane asylums. There he would question such inmates as had attempted, or had threatened to attempt, to kill themselves. Prof. Bailey spent a certain afternoon with a lunatic who had thrice tried suicide. He had a long and interesting talk with this man. Finally, looking at a clock on the mantel and noting the lateness of the hour, he was amazed.

"Is that clock right?" he asked.

"Friend," replied the lunatic, with a superior air, "do you think it would be here if it was right?"—Yale Review.

Nose corsets in three sizes are being advertised in the French papers, says a Paris despatch in a London paper. By means of this ingenious contrivance, ladies, it is claimed, may gradually change the shape of their noses, the most determined "snub" being converted into a graceful aquiline.

The expression, "kick the bucket," as synonymous with dying, is said to have originated in an English method of suicide. The intended suicide would stand upon a bucket, put the noose about his neck and then kick the bucket from under him.

One morning he arrived at the Quaker City early, and a reporter who knew him intimately said: "Senator, is there any significance attached to your visit



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here to-day?" "Yes," said the senator, lowering his voice and looking shrewdly, "there is deep significance and importance." The reporter's interest was aroused at once. "Might I ask what the business is?" "Certainly," replied the senator, "I am about to go down to the bank to try and have a note renewed, and I don't know whether I'll succeed or not."

A London jurymen fainting the other day when the judge was charging the

body. The judge was saying, "You must give the statements of the witnesses for the defense full weight." At the words, "full weight," the jurymen fainted. Later it was found that he was a coal dealer.

Official—"The boss says you musn't wear your loin cloth when you go to see the President."

Igorrote—"Oh, but I must wear it. I couldn't think of appearing at a public function in negligee."



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## PLEA FOR FAIR'S LANDSCAPIST

St. Louis, Sept. 18, 1904.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Ever since the tablets, naming prominently the architects of the various beautiful structures on the World's Fair grounds were placed, I have been waiting to hear some mention in your paper as to why steps are not taken to place equally prominently before visitors, the names of those deserving men who planned and executed, what to my mind is one of the greatest and most beautiful of the World's Fair attractions the present generation of man may probably behold, namely, the exquisite and wonderful landscape gardening.

Although the spring and early summer were in the main very favorable for the results accomplished, the writer believes that the names of these men should have their places on the Roll of Honor, because, if any, the results of their labor will be apparent for many years to come.

It would seem to me that a person coming a thousand miles, and getting first a view of that gem of gems, the Sunken Gardens, (especially if this view is from the steps of the Government building, although it is just a trifle interfered with by the group of statuary which was unfortunately placed at the eastern end of the garden, and if he then looks down upon the Gardens of the Plaza of Orleans from the tower of the Wireless Telegraph Co., thence along the Canals to the Plaza of St. Anthony, over to the Hill of the Cascades—where one may spend hours and hours of great pleasure and profit, and again passing on to another beautiful spot, between the permanent Art building and the Statuary Annex in the rear), would find himself amply repaid for the time and trouble of the trip.

And this is not by any means all, for it's worth the price of admission to look down upon the beautiful green carpet, with its marvelous pattern, in shadings of brown, just to the south of the building of "New York to the North Pole"; so many visitors pass without scarcely noticing this grand work of Nature and Man. From this point of view, also, can one really see, as it ought to be seen, the Imperial Japanese Tea Garden, in its dainty beauty.

In the artistic grouping of the shrubbery everywhere, it seems that each individual plant is trying to outdo the other in its efforts to look pretty and add its share to the delightful whole out of gratitude for the tender care it has received.

The visitor who comes early in the morning—just so soon as he can gain entrance—should, if possible, enter by way of the States' buildings entrance, which, on a bright sunny morning, will leave a lasting impression on the mind of any but the dullest. The beautiful buildings are located among the grand oaks, and the gently rolling ground, with its wide expanse of lawn, is dotted here, there and everywhere with beds of bright, fresh, blooming plants.

To the writer there have been no hours more pleasant than those spent at this monument of Nature's opulence and Man's handiwork, this little part of

# BOER WAR

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Paradise, with us at least for a little while.

I have scarcely mentioned half of what is really there, but again, sincerely trust that, as before mentioned, some plan of recognition for these achievements will soon be started.

Louis G. Denbach.

An interesting musical landmark in London has just disappeared by the demolition of the house in Great Portland street at which Mendelssohn lodged during his first four visits to the Metropolis—in 1829, 1832, and 1833. There, on a Sunday in May (the 24th), 1829, he composed his charming setting of Thomas Moore's words, "By 'Celia's Arbour" (The Garland), and he used to practice upon a dumb keyboard while sitting up in bed. He made large demands upon the bread-and-butter puddings faintly manufactured by his landlady, Mrs. Heinke. At Mendelssohn's request this, his favorite dish, was placed in the cupboard of his sitting-room, so that when he returned home late at night from a concert or a dinner-party (!) he could help himself to its cold contents to his heart's content. —*Musical Times.*

## HAYS' "LOUISIANA"

The theater goes in St. Louis still find pleasure and entertainment in Hays' "Louisiana," the great spectacular production which recently moved from Delmar Garden to Exposition Music Hall. This capacious theater is pretty well filled at each performance and indeed the audiences at night recall those which marked the successful opera season there. The performance is in many features new to those who have been at Delmar and scenically it is just as good as it was in the open-air theater. The songs and music and the comedy are up to the old standard and always pleasing.

"Mrs. Guschley remarked to me that it must be pleasant to be married to a clever man," said Proudley's wife.

"And what did you say?" queried Proudley.

"I told her, of course, that I didn't know; that I had only been married once." —*Catholic Standard and Times.*

## OLYMPIC

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## IRELAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

For some years past the observer of things Irish has noted the evidences of an awakening of commercial activity in Ireland. It has been apparently a ripple, and to most people it has meant a mere passing ripple of industrial excitement. That American onlookers have been deceived as to the importance of the movement is now demonstrated by the fine showing made by the manufacturers of Ireland at the World's Fair.

In the concession known as the Irish Village there is a large hall covering a couple of acres of space, in which is an exhibition of the varied industries and arts of the Emerald Isle that opens the eyes of the astonished visitor. The artistic element is uppermost. The filmy laces from the convents and cottages occupy case after case and present the latest designs in apparel for fair femininity. But after seeing the contents of the exhibit hall at the Irish Village one concludes that it is a positive injustice to talk so much about Irish lace—not that the land of the shamrock

### THE M'KINLEY HOMESTEAD

The great Industrial Hall is, of course, the chief building in the village, though of exceptional historic interest are the reproductions of that cottage in county Antrim where the ancestor of President McKinley lived, and of the Chapel of Cormac, in county Tipperary, the only surviving specimen of the architecture of the time of which it is representative, the twelfth century.

McKinley's grandfather was hanged before his home, this cottage, for participating in the rebellion of 1798. The Chapel of Cormac is interesting and beautiful. It is an example of Celtic-Roman architecture, expressed in this case by the round arch and the steep pediment over the principal entrance and by the steepness of the roof. Inside one discovers that the arrangement of the chapel is unsymmetrical in at least one circumstance, the difference in the position of corresponding openings on opposite sides. Blarney Castle and



Irish Parliament House—Entrance to Irish Village

appears to have anything more beautiful to show, but simply that the lace is only a good fraction of the many crafts that are now commanding Irish labor and Irish talent.

The display in the Irish Village has the greatest significance for Ireland in the fact that it is being exploited in an entirely independent manner. There are Irish exhibits under the British section in each of several displays made by the United Kingdom in the different exhibit buildings. But in the Irish Village Ireland not only maintains an independent demonstration of her activities, but she shows them all together. This way of displaying her wares is being backed by a number of agencies. The recently created Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland is a direct sponsor. Furthermore, the British government is said to be in full sympathy with the endeavor to bring Ireland to the front, while the Irish Manufacturers' Association is an organization formed expressly to exhibit Irish goods at the Exposition, and may become a permanent feature of Irish business and industrial life. The Irish Exhibit Company, of St. Louis, however, is the body actually supporting the undertaking. It is composed, of course, of prominent Irish-Americans, headed by Mr. Thomas F. Hanley, the president and promoter of the enterprise.

the St. Lawrence Gate of Drogheda are two imposing structures which may be seen from a great distance. In Malahide Cottage, a reproduction of the home of a country gentleman in Dublin, are the booths in which the visitor may spend his change on genuine shamrock seed imported from Cork, Irish soaps, laces, blackthorns and other souvenirs.

### NATIVE DECORATIVE WORK.

Facsimiles of prehistoric Celtic ornaments in gold are astonishing looking objects. The originals of these facsimiles are in the Dublin Museum and the aggregate of the gold composing them is five hundred ounces, the largest collection of such objects in the world.

The Irish linen and lace exhibit is naturally extensive and contains all those forms of the work for which the Celt has so long been famous. Amusement is not forgotten in the Irish Village. The national characteristics of the warm hearted race would not permit that. In Blarney Castle there is a spacious theatre, the stage of which would permit the presentation of the largest spectacle and which has a seating capacity of eighteen hundred persons. Here one may hear Ireland's melodies sung in the most delightful manner and witness charming playlets or neat, light footed Irish dancers tripping their native rinks to the lilt of the pipes.

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### VERY SMART MAN

Two Hebrew merchants, living on the great East side of New York, were dickering over a sale of goods. The price at which the seller offered to dispose of his wares was so ridiculously low, that Joe Welch, the actor, who was present, was surprised when the proposed purchaser refused to take them. After the vendor had left, he asked the other man why he had not snapped at such an evident bargain.

"Vell," was the answer, "Dot man Isaacs pe a very smart mans!"

"But, what has that got to do with it?" asked Welch.

"Vell, I pe afraid of him."

"Afraid of him? Why?"

"By golly! He's such a smart mans! He's mooch smarter dan me! Say, dot mans could haf married my vife, und

he didn't. He's smarter mans dan me, py golly."—*Era Magazine.*

*Small Boy*—"Is dis Bishop Potter's saloon?"

*Barkeep*—"Yep."

*Small Boy*—"Well, paw wants to know if you'll take 2 cents and a hymn book fer a can o' beer?"

*Candidate*—"My scheme is to promise to keep the dinner pail full for four years."

*Wardheeler*—"I can give you a better one than that. Promise to keep the voters full for four days."

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.



## ALPINE MUSIC'S CHARMS

To become convinced that music has a most wonderful effect upon the human family, all that is necessary is to visit the Tyrolean Alps, the World's Fair's wonderfully successful Pike attraction, and study the crowds that congregate there when Karl Komzak or Max Bendix, the wizards of the baton, are leading the cohorts of melody. The faces of the auditors reflect unconsciously the effect the different kinds of music rendered had upon their spirits. The pessimist lingers under protest midst the joyous strains, with sour face and wrinkled brow, but when the piece is of the melancholy sort, the light of joy leaps to his eyes and a smile creeps over his visage. The light-hearted and happy ones can scarcely restrain their song or dance while the great orchestra is sending forth its liveliest strains, but when the sorrowful notes are struck these listeners appear as if a withering blast from the north had struck them. Laughter and tears are not common among those finer, more sensitive music lovers, but all hesitatingly quit the scene of their joy or sorrow. The music of the Alps and the other variegated amusements to be found at this great resort have made it one of the most popular meeting places in the great home of the world's progress. The admission to the Alps is as nothing compared with the benefits in pleasure derived. Monthly tickets are only \$2, weekly \$1, and the attractions and comfort in the big Alpine Club are surely worth the money.

Miss Susie Doerr has gone to New York City to be bridesmaid for Miss Mabelle Halliwell, formerly of St. Louis.

Ex-President Kruger's fellow passengers on his first voyage in an ocean liner remarked with some surprise that he regularly absented himself from the dinner table. At first they surmised that he was suffering from seasickness, but that hypothesis had to be rejected when it was seen that, during the dinner hour, he paced the deck, eating huge quantities of biscuit and biltong. One of his companions at last made so bold as to enquire the reason of this

habit. It was, it appeared, frugality based upon a misunderstanding. The President did not know that his meals were included in the price of his ticket, and he had laid in a great stock of "hard tack" and dried meat in order to avoid running up a long bill for extras. A gentleman who was on board at the time, and who tells the story, adds: "You should just have seen the old man trying to make up for lost time when it was explained to him that his passage money entitled him to his dinner without further payment."



## THE SECRET MESSAGE

Even an apparently languorous pose may conceal a deeply studied plan to remedy a defect in a woman's face. Many a man has been enraptured at sight of a beautiful head resting cheek downward on the fingers; yet all the time, perhaps, those seemingly still digits are being used with a dexterity acquired through many hours of practice before a mirror. She can move one or more of her fingers gently, massaging a part as it should be while she appears to be resting. Many a crow's-foot is kept from fair faces by that secret massage that only the initiated recognize. Dainty handkerchiefs are brought into use in filling out hollows and preventing lines. The fine piece of linen, slowly drawn across the face in the most innocent way possible, may conceal a stroking of the flesh. Many men have known that behind such handkerchiefs were cosmetics that brightened the faces of the fair, but few were aware of the massaging carried on behind the bits of linen.—*New York Press.*



When the Independence Party, the late belligerent end of the Philadelphia Democracy, was in progress of organization, there was held a meeting to adopt rules. One of the provisions was for a committee to decide contests, and it was suggested that it be composed of eight members. Up rose an enthusiastic Irishman, representing the hot-bed of belligerency. "Misther Chairman," he began, "Oi move you that the committee of eight be made a committee of nine, so that when there's a toi vote there will be wan majority."



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Physician—You may take a drink with each meal.

Patient—I don't think it would agree with me to eat as often as that, doctor.—*Town Topics.*



M. Crepau—"Ah! So zis ees your leetle son? He looked to be silimaire to you."

Pouley—"Yes, he's very much like me."

M. Crepau—"Ah! How do you call eet? 'A cheep of ze old blockhead,' ees ett not?"

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### OLD-TIME CURTSEY REVIVED

Along with the new fad of the woman's military salute comes a revival of the old-fashioned curtsey. It has not been adopted generally to replace the slight inclination of the head or the more graceful bending of the body at the waist line, but in Newport this season many of the younger women have been seen to take the skirts between forefingers and thumbs and drop the old-time curtsey with as much ease as their grandmothers ever showed. With the full skirts of this coming season the curtsey probably will be popular. At any rate it is a change, and that is all society wants. There is doubt about who was the first to adopt it. Ruth Twombly discussed it at an afternoon tea and the next day all the young women were curtseying. That they stayed up all night practicing before their full length mirrors to get just the right "dip" has been confessed by some of them.—*New York Press.*

### A JUST REBUKE

At a dinner at "The Lambs" one evening there was an Englishman—one of the funny paper type. He believed everything he heard, and laughed heartily when the rest of the company did, although it was perfectly evident that he had not caught the least bit of the joke. At this dinner also was an actor who is quite as well known for his caustic and relentless tongue as he is for his excellent histrionic ability. Quickly realizing that the English guest was a capital target for his wit, he began telling him absurd things of America and the Americans, and incidentally getting off subtle little gibes, which at first were amusing to the crowd. But it was not long until the actor had gone too far, and instead of thinking him entertaining, the other men began to feel that he was lacking in good taste and hospitality. Although made a little uncomfortable by the actor's scathing railery, no one seemed inclined to cross swords with him and put a stop to all

this sort of thing. At last there was a pause, and another guest of the club, a Westerner, took it upon himself to speak.

"I don't know how you feel about things in New York," he said, addressing the actor in deliberate tones, "but in my part of the country it is considered most unsportsmanlike to shoot mackerel in a barrel!"

### AN INTERRUPTED LESSON

This story is told of a Washington school principal who was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence:

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first as representing Life, of the second one as representing Liberty, and the third one as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday, in accordance with his plan, the teacher interrogated his class on the subject of buttons.

"Now, Johnnie," he said to the youngest member, "produce your three buttons and tell me what they stand for." Whereupon the youngest began to weep.

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life an' here's Liberty, but mommer sewed the Pursuit o' Happiness on my pants."

E. M. Holland, of Kyrle Bellew's company, is one of the wits of the Lambs and Players. He is a crack raconteur, and one of his most amusing stories is of a "one night stand" episode. As Holland tells it: "The theater in 'one night' towns is always called by the natives the 'Operry House,' and is usually up one or more flights of stairs, the stage furnished with dim lights, and the dressing rooms with nothing. In one of these 'operry houses' I struck once, in Southwest Missouri, our manager found but one dressing room. It was a large apartment beneath the stage.

"Where are the other dressing rooms?" asked our manager.

"There isn't any others," forcibly returned the local impressario.

"Well, what are we going to do?" queried our representative. "I have a large company of ladies and gentlemen, and they cannot dress in this one room."

"What's the matter?" returned the other, "ain't they shpeakin'?"

### HAD A "STICK" IN IT

"It seems strange to think that an apple should have caused the fall of man."

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe it was a cider apple."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Binks—"Smith doesn't seem to keep office hours. What's his business?"

Jinks—"He's an inventor."

"That so? Is he working at it now?"

"Yes; he invents excuses for borrowing money from his friends."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

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The Mirror

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On September 13th, 20th and 27th  
and October 4th and 18th,

Tickets will be sold via M. K. & T. Railway from St. Louis  
to Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Central and Eastern Texas at

**\$15<sup>00</sup>** For the  
Round Trip

Tickets Good 21 Days.

Stop-Overs Allowed.

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